

The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY

U. S. Patent Office

ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner

EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.

Published Every Evening (including Sundays) by
The Washington Times Company, Munsey Bldg., Pennsylvania Ave.
Mail Subscriptions: 1 year (Inc. Sundays), \$7.50; 3 Months, \$1.95; 1 Month, 65c.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1918.

Real Failures

They Are Not the "Bench Warmers," Although Appearances Would Lead Us to Think so.

A row of Failures sat on a bench in the Park and watched the world go by.

The early fall day was raw, and the Failures didn't have any overcoats, consequently they were disposed to be pessimistic and to envy the well fed, warmly dressed people that were hurrying back and forth.

The Failures, of course, knew that they were Failures, but they didn't know why.

They thought it was merely because their pockets were empty, their ambitions dead, and their spirits low.

One of them began the world happily, but had met ill Health on the road and gone back down the hill with him.

Another had been spoiled by mistaking a LITTLE SUCCESS for proof of ability and had grown conceited and indolent in the belief that he was gifted enough to keep going ahead without working.

A third had been stopped by Whiskey, who has more ambushes and barricades along the highway to prosperity than all the rest of men's enemies put together.

So the Failures sat, consumed with bitter envy, and watched their snug and self-satisfied brothers rush to or from their work.

If these men had only known it, they need not have been envious of more than a tenth of the crowd passing them in review.

For they at least were HONEST FAILURES.

They made no pretense of being anything else.

Among the crowd traveling the asphalt walks was a man who had been entrusted with the money of a large number of men and women and children, and FAILED to refrain from stealing part of it.

Another man had been elected to a high position and FAILED TO ADMINISTER IT IN THE INTEREST OF THE PEOPLE WHO CAST THEIR VOTES FOR HIM.

Still another had a family of children whom he FAILED TO GIVE A FAIR START IN LIFE, neglecting them for business through the day and for a poker game at a club at night.

All these REAL FAILURES wore comfortable clothes, smoked fat and expensive cigars and maintained an appearance of prosperity which inspired confidence which they failed to repay.

And, however their unhappy fellows might envy them, they knew, down deep, that they were the ACTUAL FAILURES OF LIFE—the men who have great opportunities and either willfully abuse them, or fail to use them as they should.

It is one of the cheerful things of existence to know that these REAL FAILURES are gradually being found out.

Some day we shall know most of them by sight, and then we shall ask them why they failed, and make them show cause why THEY, and not the luckless victims of drink and ill-health—the APPARENT FAILURES—should not be the outcasts of society.

Of course it would be too bad to hurt the feelings of the REAL FAILURE to suggest to him that he ought to be adorning a park bench or some even more retired spot, but much dignity must be ruffled and many feelings hurt before we can even begin to make REAL FAILURE known for what it is.

A Tribute to Congressman Kitchin

J. L. LEVERTON
THE HOUSE OF FASHION
1106 G Street N. W.

Washington, D. C.,
Oct. 23, 1918.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane,
Owner, The Washington Times,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Mr. Brisbane:

I, as an individual, merchant, and American citizen desire to extend to you thanks and appreciation of your very able editorial published in The Washington Times, Tuesday, October 22, in defense of Congressman Kitchin, against the most unfair attacks of the New York Sun.

It so happens that I know the thing uppermost in Mr. Kitchin's mind, in framing the tax bill, was to do justice to all, and in doing so, he could not, as you state so clearly in your editorial, see why the big war profits and millionaires should not be taxed heavily when all they were giving was money gotten through the war, while at the same time, our American boys were giving their lives. He figured no cost should be commensurate with the giving of one's life.

I am a neighbor and friend of Mr. Kitchin, and for two months I watched him night and day alone (his family being in North Carolina), studying these tax problems with the one idea to do justice to all as he thought the American people wanted it.

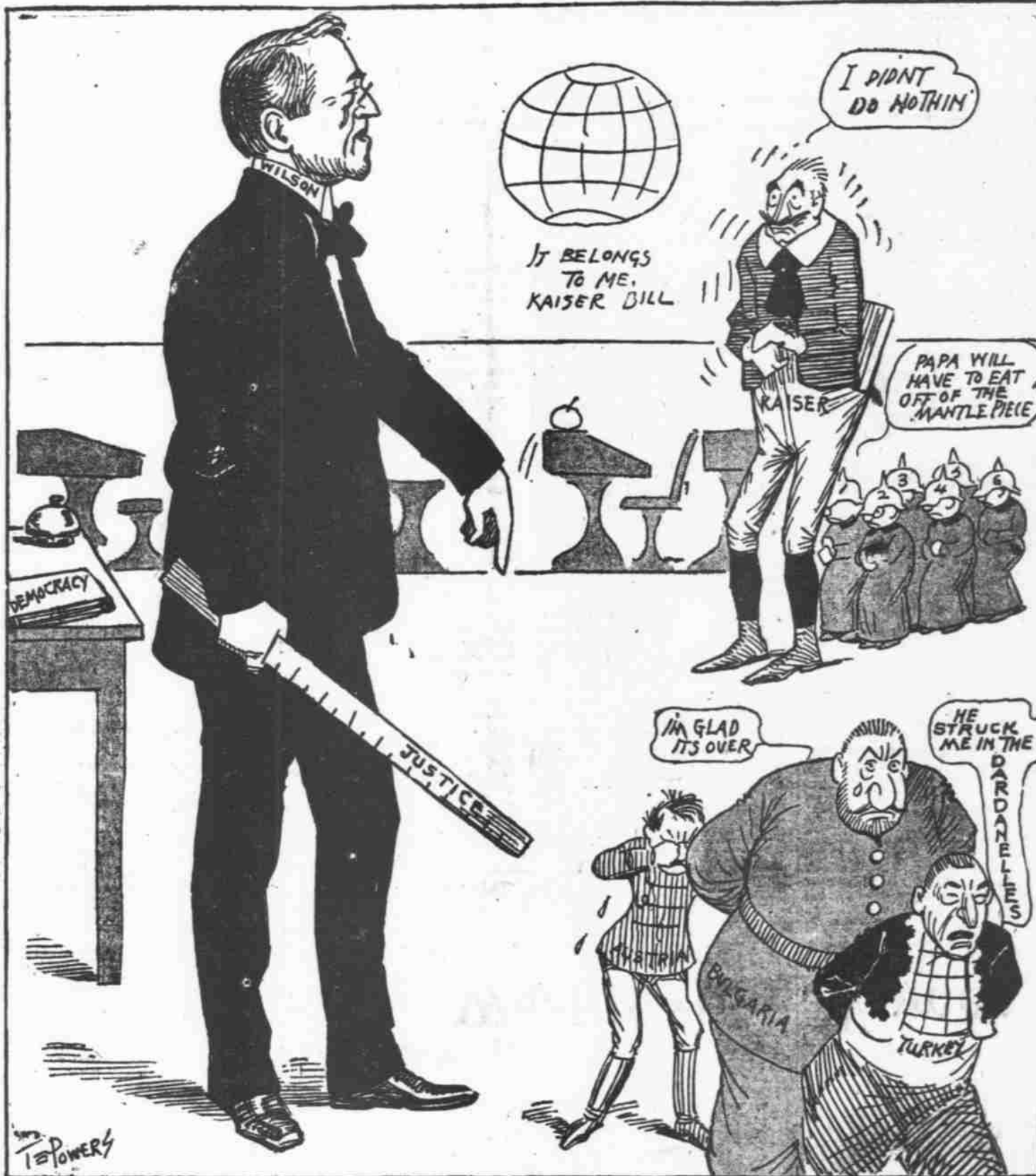
May I add, I had the pleasure of showing Mr. Kitchin the editorial and he was most grateful for your defense, and expresses himself as being anxious to have the pleasure of meeting you at the first opportunity.

Again expressing my admiration for your courage to defend a Congressman's acts, when such is so deserved, and as an advertiser in The Washington Times, I feel it my duty to assure you of my support for such a worthy defense of Congressman Kitchin.

Sincerely yours,
J. L. LEVERTON.

The Schoolmaster

By T. E. POWERS



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

A MOTHER who has an affectionate relationship with her son is doomed to suffer, sooner or later.

The day when he falls in love is sure to mean misery for her, even though the son should remain as constant as possible to herself, and the girl he loved were a seraph with glistening wings.

There's no escaping the wrench that this brings. It's more inevitable than the pangs of birth, or than those of death, even.

But what does remain within the control of mothers is their way of meeting this experience. And the mother who loves her son in the right way isn't going to let jealousy get the better of her, at this highly critical point in their lives. She may believe that she's submitting to being displaced, but she's bent on doing it with grace and sportsmanship.

The hardest thing mothers have to realize, and the thing some mothers never realize at all, is that their son's relations with girls or young women don't properly concern them.

If they have conscientiously discharged every duty of motherhood up to the time when a youth can reasonably think of himself as a lover, there is absolutely nothing else they can do except withdraw from the stage and watch for the appearance of the starry young creature who is going to play leading role in the next act.

A mother may enjoy persuading herself that her son needs her advice and aid in choosing a girl to fall in love with. But she is making a very serious mistake if she acts on this idea.

Mother's Idea.

She may attempt positive influence, which takes the form of inviting the colorless daughter of well-connected friends to visit at the house. And the son may set his teeth and make himself agreeable to the unmagical young lady for a week at a time. But he isn't likely to fall into the marriage trap so unobtrusively baited, and he is likely to feel some resentment toward his mother for her officiousness.

Other mothers, with a talent for intrigue, try negative influence. That is, they make a point of defeating every love-project that they know their sons to entertain. After expert working in the dark to discover where the young man's interest tends, they unscrupulously devise schemes either to sepa-

TODAY'S TOPIC HANDS OFF!

rate the man and girl, or to cause a disagreement between them. There are mothers who seem utterly without conscience, from the extent to which they meddle in their sons' love affairs. Their defense would be that they love their sons too much to see them get entangled with the wrong girl, and that it's a great deal kinder and more benevolent to do one's meddling secretly than openly.

And so skillful are these maternal schemes, and so confiding are their sons that—I say it with some regret—they almost never get found out.

Love Must Be Free.

If a son isn't able to choose his own beloved wisely, I can't see that his mother can help the situation any. He's grown-up. He's the product of her training. Now let him act independently and freely. Artificially chosen beloveds aren't ever satisfactory. Love is of all others the department of life where one has to do one's own choosing.

Therefore, mothers, "Hands off!"

But there are mothers who do keep their hands off, highly well-behaved mothers who seem to be thoroughly respectful of their son's independence up to the time when the love-affair crystallizes and the engagement is made known; but who can't seem to restrain themselves from emotionally flying to pieces then.

There seems to be some obscure natural law that leads a son, even a devotedly attached son, always to choose a beloved of a totally different type from his mother. This in itself seems a kind of affront to the stricken parent. If her son had really loved her, wouldn't he have wished to marry a girl as nearly as possible his mother's duplicate?

Then it's an extremely pleasant thing to be the person loved best in all the world by an adorable youth of twenty. To be the person always considered first, consulted earliest, regarded most tenderly. A woman couldn't be human and at the same time be glad and willing to give up all these precious privileges, and forever, to a strange girl whom she probably suspects of being unworthy of them.

No Bride "Good Enough."

It goes without saying that no girl in the world is "good enough" to deserve to marry an idolized son; but this is a fact it won't ever do to comment on.

The important thing to remember is that the self-respecting way for a mother to act when the critical moment comes, is also the only way that will prevent permanent alienation between mother and son.

At any possible cost to yourself, keep your jealousy out of sight. Keep your wounds, and your tears, and your hostility out of sight.

Once-Overs

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DOES THIS APPLY TO YOU?

There are a lot of little things you do not know because you are too proud to ask questions.

Some day you will be greatly embarrassed because of your lack of knowledge of small matters any high school boy does know.

Several times you have squirmed and beat about the bush to prevent certain persons from realizing your deficiencies, but are you awake yet?

Why not get some books and study up alone the lines you need? Nothing to be gained by waiting; and the older you are the harder for you to assimilate knowledge—the greater the risk of being found out.

Of course it is no disgrace to be ignorant if opportunity has been denied you to be better educated, but it is disgraceful to lack knowledge which is yours for the effort.

No one is too old to study, and it is far better for your mental state in old age to have exercised your brain all along the way.

Don't lose precious time in getting started.

Don't dream—don't drift—get busy and apply yourself to greater knowledge.

And if your son finds that you are just as friendly and warm-hearted and dependable as you used to be in the days when he brought play-mates home from school, this will be such a comfort to him that he will love you more than ever.

Even the bride herself will meet a dangerous rival in the mother who can face her son's beloved without flinching.

A son longs to be proud of his mother, and he will be if she meets this supremely difficult test.

It's not the easiest thing in the world to be a mother, at any stage, from the cradle to the football field; but the hardest time of all comes when you must sit smiling, with hands tied, and watch your grown-up child make his own choice between happiness and what you believe to be destruction.

But don't try to break loose and guide him. You will regret it all the rest of your life.

FROM THE PUBLIC TO THE EDITOR.

Clerk Wants Pay in Cash.

To the Editor of THE TIMES: Here is a little suggestion to the Government which, if followed out, will result in having the clerks feel contented instead of causing them to grumble at the injustices done toward them.

I have been employed in Washington nine months, and during the whole time have been paid in cash. The system which was used in paying of the clerks was very laudable and efficient. Thousands were paid off in a few hours. Now we have received a notice that we are to be paid by check two days later than the usual pay day. I received my check this afternoon and went to four different banks and main postoffice in an attempt to cash it, but without avail. I tried to make another payment on my Liberty bond, and even that was not sufficient to get it cashed.

There is rather unanimous agreement on this point. Crowds of people watch her each day and she gets away with the job in business-like manner. Some of her admirers declare that she has all the men traffic cops skinned a mile. Drivers of machines and teams do not try to put anything over on her, either, according to the crowds of onlookers.

Readers of this column, who are constantly commenting on things going on, might write their views on this subject. Give your name, though.

A. E. P.

Great Parade and Review At Close of War

By BILL PRICE

Why should not Washington begin tentative plans now for the biggest parade and review in the world's history to commemorate democracy's victory over militarism and Kaiserism?

Why wait for New York or some other city to obtain official approval first? This city, the workshop which turned out the army and navy that has done the job or will do it in a few months if the Hun hasn't sense enough to know he's beaten, is the logical place, and now is the logical time to approach high officials who will determine the matter.

It is stated that plans are already being considered for returning some of the boys whose valor, steadfastness, and vim have helped push the blood-drenched Hun almost back to his own soil.

Grandly such an event would stir the nation from end to end. When the victorious armies of the North passed in review before Lincoln only a little better than half the nation tingled with triumphal emotions of the hour. The other portion was in gloom and despair. A glorious united nation would rejoice in this culmination of a harmonious country's efforts and successes.

From beyond the boundaries of this nation would be drawn admiration for the heroic accomplishments of the soldier boys who are types of the people of the United States.

Allied and neutral nations would look on with pride and applaud this method of national and world-wide thanks to men returning to peaceful occupations after the dangers and hardships of war.

Sister republics of South America which threw their lot with the United States would doubtless claim a place somewhere in this mammoth undertaking as an evidence of the close tie that now binds all the countries of the western hemisphere.

Washington is the one big city in the country which would, from past experience, be able to successfully handle such a huge undertaking. Her leaders of civic organizations have time and again staged the nation's greatest parades and reviews, and they would be able to handle the world's mammoth event of that kind.

With Pershing's veterans there should march also the Red Cross nurses and delegations from war work organizations that have contributed so splendidly to the happiness and contentment of the soldiers abroad.

And not to be overlooked in any plan should be a prominent place for the thousands of civil service employees in Washington whose sacrifices for their country through health and illness have been countless. These people made possible the outfitting of the military branches whose entrance into the war finally threw corroding fear into the hearts of the bombastic Teutons, who had been deriding this country's abilities to do anything of consequence against them.

It will be possible to have on the grandstand with President Wilson and General Pershing the brilliant military leaders of the allied countries—Foch, Haig, and Diaz, and even military detachments from the allied armies that fought side by side with America's brave boys.

HEARD AND SEEN

Go Over the Top for War Work!

It ought not require urging for every Washingtonian to put his shoulder to the wheel that is moving here for the United War Work Campaign beginning next Monday and running one week. Whether the war ends soon or not the fund will be needed to carry on the great work of the Y. M. C. A., K. of C. and affiliated organizations. There must be no neglect of an American soldier abroad. They must all come home happy that the folks here continued to think of them and back them up.

DAN CALLAHAN advises me that it's getting to be quite the popular thing for whole families to subscribe to War Savings Stamps to the maximum amount allowed by law—\$1,000 for each individual. E. D. HATHAWAY, who is prominent in fraternal circles, has enrolled Mrs. Hathaway, the two Hathaway youngsters and himself in "The \$1,000 Club," presided over by CHARLES J. BELL. Another "W. S. S.-to-the-limit-family" is that of W. A. SCHLOBOHM, newspaper man, with five memberships to his credit.

A fat man signing himself "Everett True No. 2," commenting on the fac-simile of the signature of Commissioner Gardiner, says he would not like it to strike him. "Looks too much like the quills of a porcupine and might prove fatal," he says.

Commending the Lady Traffic Cop. Writing at 4 a. m., a well-known reader of Heard and Seen says he thinks it's up to me to say something encouraging about the work of Mrs. Leola King, the lady traffic cop at Seventh and K streets. "In spite of facetious remarks from funny fellows," he observes, "she is handling the traffic all right."

There is rather unanimous agreement on this point. Crowds of people watch her each day and she gets away with the job in business-like manner. Some of her admirers declare that she has all the men traffic cops skinned a mile. Drivers of machines and teams do not try to put anything over on her, either, according to the crowds of onlookers.

Readers of this column, who are constantly commenting on things going on, might write their views on this subject. Give your name, though.

FRED S. WALKER—The Hydro-

electric Commission of Toronto, Canada, supplies electricity to 143 towns, and has not increased the rate, which is now 3 cents a thousand against the previous rate of 9 cents under private ownership. Referred in several directions where it may do good.

Good Stuff for Earl Godwin. My Dear Earl Godwin: (That's Roosevelt's style in starting letters.)

Your request that I write you a few real clever lines that you may spring among other army officers or in vaudeville stunts in the camp has resulted in the following:

It's not the flu bugs from Altonoland That trouble the Kaiser's family worst; It's the flea germs in Heinie's legs That make the Crown Prince curdle.

Although I spent forty minutes on this, I now believe I could go right on and on reeling off good stuff of this sort. I must go slow, though, because these "Heard and Seen" readers are on the job and do not hesitate to write me wallops of the hardest sort.

PHILANDER JOHNSON may become become jealous, and I don't want to make anybody sore.

Please forward me whatever war medals there are for extraordinarily stirring poetry. You know me, Earl.

BILL P.

JULIA C. BRADLEY—Now that the goat meat question is up, if people knew how fine goat meat is they would change their minds. Raising goats is profitable. They are wonderful pets, intelligent and clean. They are better to eat than chicken. Wish I had a milch goat now.

Goats giving fair quantities of milk are priced as high as \$35.

PAGE A. COCHRAN asks me about a new dance, said to have come from China and to be 2,000 years old. He wonders if it is really true that the world is an eternal cycle and if there is nothing new. Is it impossible for man to find a new way to make himself ridiculous?

Answer—You've struck the wrong chap on dancing; but there are many clever dancers among Heard and Seen readers. Some of you write me the history of well-known dances.